

Paterson, May 24, 1871.

Dear Wife:

Just before leaving the depot at Boston, (as Harry probably told you,) a young English woman was put under my care by Richard P. Hallowell, as she had just arrived in this country, and was going to Philadelphia to live as a servant in a Quaker family. I was very glad to have the opportunity to befriend her, feeling that she would almost certainly lose her way in New York in trying to find the Jersey ferry. On arriving at Fall River, I secured for her a berth in the ladies' cabin in the steamer Bristol, (the most magnificent boat I ever saw,) and left her in the care of the stewardess for the night. From the time that we started, we were enveloped in fog, which深ened till we got to Newport, and accompanied us almost to New York. During the passage we had the most tremen-

dous thunder storm that I have witnessed for years. Our steamer was all ablaze with lightning, which was all the more blinding because of the exceeding darkness of the night. The roar and crash of the thunder were such as to try the strongest nerves, and it seemed as though our steamer must inevitably be struck by some of its bolts - to say nothing of the peril of navigation under such circumstances. The storm was not of short duration, the rain meanwhile falling in torrents. What a contrast with the preceding lovely night at Rockledge! "Just my luck, you know." Of course, I scarcely closed my eyes during the night, and it is probable that few of the great throng of passengers on board got any sleep. But the sun rose brilliantly in the morning, and, in spite of wind and fog and thunder and lightning, ~~and~~ we arrived at the dock at half past 6 o'clock. What a marvel of nautical skill and calculation! We found that no rain had fallen in the city.

Mr. Hallowell had given Margaret (that, I believe, was the name of the young woman in my charge) written instructions how to proceed on reaching the West Philadelphia depot, in case no one should be there to meet her. I understood him to say that we ^{might} possibly arrive in New York in season for her to take the 7 o'clock train; and congratulating her that we were just in time, I hurried with her down to the Jersey ferry at the foot of Cortland street, and, determined not to leave her until I saw her safely on board of the cars, crossed over with her in the ferry-boat. Having ten minutes to spare, I procured a breakfast for her at a restaurant in the depot, and then took a seat by her side in the car, telling her that there would soon be a throng of passengers by the last ferry-boat. Just as I was wondering that they did not come, the train started without any warning whatever, and, lo! I was on my way to Philadelphia with Margaret! It was the wrong train, too, for her, infor-

tunately; for, instead of going to West Philadelphia, it went to Camden on the east side of the Delaware, the passengers crossing over to the foot of Walnut street. This mistake I did not discover till I got off the train at Newark — too late to apprise Margaret of it, or to get her out of the car. But as he was giving the signal to start, I told the Conductor of the blunder, and besought him to tell her where to get out, and wait for the right train. He promised to do so, and mentioned Brunswick as the place; but he seemed somewhat churlish, and may not have kept his word. I have felt and still feel very anxious about the poor girl, but trust she arrives safely at last. On getting back to New York, I immediately sent a telegram to Mr. Justice at Philadelphia, telling him that Margaret had taken the train for Camden by mistake, but might be transferred to the right train at Brunswick, &c. Ask William to apprise R. P. Hallowell of this adventure.

On board of the Bristol I found Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, of Cambridgeport, who were on their way to New York for a day's excursion, and who made many inquiries about you and Fanny. The redoubtable James Fisk ^{Jr.} was also on board, with shining buttons and studs and rings, and an immense short bosom, and a porcine carcass. A curiosity indeed!

I reached the office ^{of} The Station at 9 o'clock, and found Wendell just in from Orange. Having interchanged salutations and inquiries, I went to the Park Hotel restaurant, and got my breakfast; then returned to Wendell, and got my directions to enable me to find Miss Dow at Brooklyn, taking with me a letter from Lucy to her in reference to the object of my call. I found the house, 207 Livingston St., but did not see her, as she had gone out for the day. I saw her sister, however, who said she had no doubt Ellen would be delighted to make the desired arrangement, as she had

no engagement for the summer, and was calculating on spending it with a relative in Medford. I am to see her on my return from Paterson, or, if not, then early next week, when she will probably go out to the Park to do some promised work for Lucy. Of course, nothing will be done hastily; but there seems to be no doubt that her services ~~will~~^{can} be secured. In that case, if thought best, she might accompany me home on Tuesday, June 13th, (by the Shore Line,) or come afterward.

I called at the Tribune office to see my friend Johnson, but he had gone to his lunch.

At the Nation office I interchanged civilities with Mr. Godkin, and that was all I cared to do.

I stepped into the office of The Independent, and saw Dr. Eggleston, Ward and Gladden, the three editors of the paper, and had a pleasant interview and a kind reception. No room for my last article could be found in this week's number.

At 1.45 I took the train for Paterson, and arrived at the depot at 3, but, to my disappointment, saw nothing of Mr. Benson. Not knowing how to find my way to his house, I took a carriage, and was soon at the door, with valise in hand. Mr. and Mrs. Benson both came out to greet me. "Did you get a letter from me?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply; "but we were expecting you all last evening, as your son Wendell wrote us that you would leave home Monday morning, and be with us in the course of the evening." Wendell must have sent them a line to that effect on Saturday, but saw his mistake on getting my letter on Monday. Still, I thought you wrote to him by Friday night's mail, informing him that I should not start for New York till Monday afternoon. But it sometimes seems as if the more we try to prevent disappointment, the less we are likely to succeed. Witness the case of Margaret, and my solicitous endeavors in her behalf!

Mrs. Benson is feeling the effect of some ague chills. Mr. Benson is looking and feeling uncommonly well.

He is busy in building an addition to his house, which will give him some convenient rooms. We have had long talks on a variety of topics, and this afternoon shall probably take a ride about the city. There seem to be no visitors here at any time and I suspect there is not much social interchange with the inhabitants. [Just here, Mr. Benson has come into my room, stating that he will have his horses harnessed in a few minutes, and desiring me to ride with him, as the morning is unusually brilliant. I shall do so.]

Wendell thinks he may be able to come here on Thursday afternoon, and spend the night, and return with me to New York on Friday morning.

With loving regards to you all, I remain,
Your ever affectionate W. L. G.